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EAST WEST 東西報

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Japanese Americans Move Judge to Reduce Yoshimura Bail

By GAEL MURAMOTO

OAKLAND—From the joyous ian faces emerging from Ala- eda County Superior Courts partment 5, December 17, it s evident that Judge Lionel J. ilson had ruled to reduce endy Yoshimura's bail.

Wilson was strongly impressed the Asian presence and by the despread support Yoshimura d gained from the Japanese- nerican community.

Prior to announcing his decision reduce Yoshimura's bail m $100,000 to $25,000, dge Wilson praised what he med the Japanese-Americans' w-abiding" record and cited a zen Japanese-Americans who d visited Yoshimura at Santa ta Rehabilitation Center in easanton and had subsequently itten the court in support of the rmer Berkeley artist.

MOVED

He then quoted aloud excerpts om one letter from a Fresno surance man, Mike Iwatsubo, at, he said, succinctly capsulized e thoughts expressed in most of e correspondence. Iwatsubo rote that he had been so moved id impressed after his visit with shimura that he was now illing to risk his life savings of 500 originally saved for his dest son's law school tuition.

"I know Wendy Yoshimura will t flee," Iwatsubo said. He also ade reference to Yoshimura's ckground, noting that she had, many stages in her life, perienced the misfortune of ing a "non-person" and a misfit.

There was a time, his letter ntinued, when Yoshimura was a n-Japanese in Japan because she as American; she was a non- merican in the United States cause she was Asian; and she as a non-Nikkei in the commu- ty because she had a different ckground. She has now "awak- ed to membership in our mmunity. She will take her ace in society as a good merican citizen, a credit to her ce and to her community."

MANZANAR

Yoshirmura was born in 1943 in anzanar, California in a concen- ation camp for Japanese- mericans. Following the war, e and her family lived in iroshima, Japan, returning to alifornia when she was 12 years d.

Judge Wilson said the lowered il would be contingent upon the llowing conditions: Yoshimura ave no personal contact with any her former co-defendants unless r attorney deems it necessary; oshimura reside at the home of e U.C. Berkeley criminology rofessor, Dr. Paul Takagi, with y changes requiring prior court pproval; Yoshimura remain in e San Francisco Bay Area, unless e court consents otherwise.

Fighting back tears of emotion, oshimura spoke her first and only urtroom words of the afternoon a softly spoken affirmative "yes" ply to Judge Wilson's inquiry as whether the conditions were acceptable to her. He said the cash bond raised by the community would be returned in full if she fully complied with all of her scheduled court hearings.

ANGRY

An angry prosecutor, Jeff Horner, firmly opposed the decision and urged the Judge to unseal supplemental affidavits he had previously filed with the court in support of his motion to deny a bail reduction. Judge Wilson sternly denied the request and reprimanded the deputy district attorney, saying he should be aware the contents could prejudice the case.

Edison Uno, a spokesman for the Wendy Yoshimura Fair Trial Committee, a group primarily of Japanese-Americans who have actively been working to raise the the necessary bail, said he considers $25,000 to be an excessive amount, but one that is "within reason." Uno expressed disappointment that Yoshimura had not been released on her own recognizance.

Pointing to contradictions in the country's criminal justice system, he said, there is a dual set of standards—one for the rich and wealthy and one for the middle-class and poor. Too often, he continued, the wealthy and influential accused of far more serious white collar crimes successfully convince the court to waive their bail.

MYTHS

Perhaps many of the myths and stereotypes of Asian-Americans will be dispelled by the Yoshimura case, reflected Uno. He added that it is a "breakthrough for our community" because a cross-section of thousands of divergent interests were able to muster around a politically sensitive issue.

Uno opined that there will be an increasing number of Sanseis that will run "foul with the law," and "I think this is a part of that evolutionary process. We have to use it as an example to educate our own community."

Yoshimura's original trial date of January 14 has been vacated due to a request by her attorney, James Larson, who said he needed an extended period of time to prepare pre-trial motions.

The next hearing is set for 2:00 p.m. today, January 7, in Alameda County Superior Court on a motion by her attorney to suppress prosecution evidence. A trial date will be set on January 14 at 9:30 a.m. Yoshimura faces charges of three counts of possessing weapons and explosives.

Wendy Yoshimura

ASIANS SCREEN MOSCONE NOMINEES

SAN FRANCISCO—A 48-member screening committee under former San Francisco Supervisor Jack Morrison is currently soliciting, reviewing and recommending candidates for appointment to city commissions by mayor-elect George Moscone.

Asians on the committee include: Christina Chen, Sally Famarin, Gus Lee, Edison Uno, Sid Valledor and Ling-chi Wang.

DANCE AUDITIONS FOR ASIAN DANCERS

SAN FRANCISCO — Dance auditions for Asian dancers are being held this Sunday at 1:30 p.m. at 340 Presidio. The auditions are under the auspices of the Asian American Dance Collective for the purpose of forming a modern dance performing group. For information call, 922-5735.

Activists Protest Eu's Postcard Ballot Plan

SACRAMENTO—Secretary of State March Fong Eu wants the State of California to comply with multilingual language provisions of the federal Voting Rights Act through the use of postcards. Spanish or English voters who don't read English would mail in a postcard to obtain California ballot pamphlets in their languages.

The Secretary of State's office says the plan will cost state and county governments $5.8 million a year as compared to $21.8 million if every voter received materials in English, Spanish and Chinese. Eu has asked Governor Jerry Brown for the $5.8 million, but he has yet to approve the addition financing. The money will probably be sought through legislation requiring the governor's signture.

Senator John Tunny, author of the federal voting law, has accused Fong of inflating the figures for the state's cost in complying with the multilingual legislation.

Last week, Chinese and Latino activists critized Eu for her proposal. They accused Eu, in a press conference here, of violating the spirit of the federal law. Henry Der of Chinese for Affirmative Action called her plan for postcard requests, "a barrier to voting, very much like the poll tax and literacy test in the Deep South."

"Targeting was a 'conspicuous failure,' in the words of SF's Acting Registrar of Voters, Hugh Maguire, for the November election this year," Der said. He warned Eu against following the example of San Francisco, where the city failed "to treat language minority citizens equally, but S.F. officials succeeded in discouraging and intimidating language minority citizens from registering to vote."

Der called on Eu to stop inflating cost figures and to end her appeal to the U. S. District Court to approve her "targeting plan."

Motor Vehicles Has New Bilingual Policy

SACRAMENTO—The California Department of Motor Vehicles has a new hiring policy. They will seek to fill 100 existing jobs with bilingual personnel. This will not require displacement or transfer of current workers, according to DMV director Hermon Sillas.

Sillas says that 412,000 persons who visit DMV field offices annually need language help. Bilingual staffing is inadequate in 51 of 89 DMV offices. The new hiring policy is necessary to comply with the Dymally-Alatorre Multilingual Services Acts. The languages involved include Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish and Tagalog.

Police Officer Suspended For 60 Days

By CRAIG CHOY

SAN FRANCISCO — Police officer Alan Lim was suspended from duty for 60 days by the Police Commission despite shaky evidence of violations stemming from the August Police Strike.

The commission ruled that Lim was evasive in answering questions of a superior officer about a vandalism incident. Lim's car was identified as leaving a patrol car that had the air let out of the tires.

Defense Attorney Stephen Bley said he is bringing the case to Superior Court and also said that the decision was an emotional reaction on the part of the commission. Bley claimed that there was insufficient evidence.

Lim was charged on the basis of a tape-recorded interview with Sergeant Frank Freer, who questioned Lim on the use of his car.

Greer was the man who initiated the investigation, conducted it, pressed charges, and was the superior officer who felt Lim was evasive. Greer was also assigned to the vandalized car and testified that he did not agree with or believe in the police strike.

Greer felt Lim was evasive when asked if he (Lim) knew who was driving his car and where he (Lim) was at the time of the incident. Lim answered that he did not know or could not recall. Greer testified, "I think he should have known." The commission case was based entirely on this opinion.

PATROLMAN ALAN LIM

The defense called on several witnesses who testified that many people were using Lim's car during that day to run errands for picketing policemen.

Lim was the first officer to face charges stemming from the Strike. Another officer, Michael Pedrini, pleaded guilty to interfering with a meter maid. He was also suspended without pay or benefits for 60 days. Lim and Michael Chan, two of the handful of Chinese policemen on the force, are two of four charged with violations of police code during the August strike.

Inspector Herbert Lee said he thought that the allegations were a move by the "politicians and cop-haters" who want to discredit the actions of striking policemen.

GROCER MAY LOSE SIGHT OF ONE EYE

SAN FRANCISCO—A Chinese grocer may lose the sight of one eye as a result of a grocery store robbery last week. Roy Chew, 64, the owner of the corner store at Post and Gough Streets was robbed shortly after 6 p.m. on New Year's Day by a black man with a knife.

During a struggle with the bandit, Chew was pushed into a box of soda pop bottles that broke in his face, the police said. Chew, whose family lives next door at the Cathedral Hill highrise apartments has been robbed several times this year. The robber escaped with $35 and a pocket watch.

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EDITORIAL

A DIRECTION FOR CHINESE AMERICAN LITERATURE

Chinese Americans brought with them traditions and customs from rural China. These traditions have given them courage, endurance, and hopes during many trials and tribulations in this new land. However, with each generation, we find many of these traditions fading away or being modified. Some lament that the American-born are no longer able to speak Chinese, let alone read or write Chinese. Some are saddened that they have settled in this country, with no thought of returning to China. Some are concerned that their children are completely Westernized.

In this issue, we feature a story written by Monfoon Leong —New Year for Fong Wing—taken from the recently published book "Number One Son." Aside from its literary value, which is excellent from any viewpoint, the author has shown us that there is a wealth of material in our local community and given us an affirmation of being Chinese American. He wrote about the folks here, not the ones in China. He wrote about the people in our community, expressing their joys and sorrows with understanding and compassion, not with sarcasm and rancor. Also, he wrote in English, the mother tongue of the American-born.

Chinese Americans are indebted to Monfoon Leong for pointing out a direction for the development of Chinese American Literature.

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LETTERS

More Blood and Sweat On the Way

To East/West:

What a wonderful way to begin the New Year. Congratulations to East West and Professor Him Mark Lai for the most comprehensive and authoritative summary of the Chinese experience in America.

Blood and Sweat in the Golden Mountains (E/W, Jan. 1) is a superb contribution towards understanding our heritage. It is most appropriate that all Americans know and understand this aspect of history, especially as we celebrate the Bicentennial.

If you have not thought about it, may I suggest that the entire article with its tremendous graphics be reproduced into a booklet form which might be used in the public education system.

I'm impressed with your journalistic quality. What are you going to do for an encore when Chinese New Year rolls around?

Edison Uno
San Francisco

[*East/West began publishing in 1967. This month we are beginning our tenth year of publication. We have commissioned writers like Him Mark Lai to reflect upon the progress of the Chinese community during the past ten years. There's more to come. —Ed.*]

UNITED FEDERAL WANTS TO CONVERT

SAN FRANCISCO— United Federal Savings and Loan Association last week announced that savings has reached approximately $8 million and assets are over $10 million. President and Chairman of the Board Ben Hom estimated that pre-tax earnings in 1975 would exceed $220,000.

The association has been open since April, 1974 and a branch office was opened on Balboa Street near 37th Avenue in October of this year. Last month United filed an application for permission to convert from mutual corporate form to a federal capital stock association. Hom said that the association is taking "advantage of the new regulations of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board permitting a Federal Association to exchange its mutual charter" to increase the ability "to lend and to support its plans for further branch offices."

Hom, anticipating a favorable reaction from Washington, estimates that the association will sell approximately $1 million worth of stock to its savers and management by mid-year 1976.

PLAN TO EXPAND MINORITY JOBS

WASHINGTON—The departments of Labor and Health, Education and Welfare announced a program last week to expand job opportunities for women and minorities at colleges and universities. The plan includes encouragement to universities to establish internal grievance procedures to resolve discrimination complaints.

PRESS COMMENTS

Liberal Mayor?

(*The following is an article which appeared in the Chinese Pacific Weekly, December 18. It is translated by Donald Golden of East/West*)

The long history of enlisting Chinese to register to vote in elections goes back to the formation of the family associations. Yet, actually it wasn't until a municipal election in 1943 that Chinese really began participating in elections by maintaining a certain amount of influence in working together with and pulling for their favorite candidates. When these candidates failed to make it they lost both time and money in the form of contributions. When these candidates were elected, Chinese of proven ability were appointed to official positions.

During that particular 1943 election, maritime businessman Roger Lapham was a candidate for mayor, and Edmund Brown (the present governor's father), was a candidate for district attorney. Although one was a Republican and the other a Democrat, they formed a coalition in declaring themselves to be liberals. The only Chinese working for them were Albert Chow and his group. After these candidates were elected to office, Jack Chow was appointed assistant district attorney and Spencer Owyang was appointed city parks and recreation commissioner. This was considered to be a very significant event at the time.

As far as I can remember this was also the first time that candidates came to formally campaign in Chinatown. Lapham and Brown made a speech at the Gold Star Broadcast Station (it seems that their opponents did not demand equal broadcast time). This then afforded them the chance to address the people directly which was so much more effective than an indirect, far-removed translation of what they had to say appearing in a Chinese newspaper.

Why was Lapham considered to be a liberal? At the time I certainly couldn't understand it. He was a Republican, a rich businessman who advocated free enterprise, opposed Harry Bridges' waterfront labor unions and who looked down on racial minorities. He wasn't the least bit liberal. Actually, San Francisco has never had a liberal mayor. Although there never have been as many registered Republicans as Democrats, Republicans like Antonio Rossi, Elmer Robinson, and George Christopher have been traditionally elected mayor. Not until much later, when Democrats began to be aware of maintaining party unity at election time, did they succeed in electing Jack Shelly and Joseph Alioto to office. However, these two mayors were just like Lapham, as they did nothing more than pay lip service to being liberals while in office.

San Francisco really is a liberal city. When Roosevelt won his third term of office in 1940, San Francisco voters endorsed him by a three to one margin. (Even in the 1972 Presidential election when McGovern was losing everywhere, he was still able to defeat Nixon in San Francisco). Therefore, Republican-owned newspapers like the "Chronicle" pretend to be liberal in an attempt to gain the majority of the city's readers. Generally speaking, candidates, whether they be Republican or Democrat, depend desperately on contributions from big business for their campaign expenses, and are out to protect the interests of the wealthy. Yet these candidates' secret formula for success has always been to pay lip service to the liberal cause in attempting to reach office.

Just think about what has been going on here for the last twenty years. In implementing urban renewal projects, these politicians have leveled a good deal of housing in the city, and either wiped out small scale business and industry altogether, or forced it to move to outlying areas. In utilizing these urban renewal plans, they have succeeded in building their skyscrapers, and have at the same time levied taxes in order to construct the Bay Area Rapid Transit System. As a result, workers in downtown business offices drive their cars into town daily to work, and return to outlying communities to sleep. These people do not pay city property taxes, but during their ten hour daily stint here, the city must provide them with police and fire services. One of the reasons New York City was threatened with bankruptcy had to do with this very situation.

Former mayors have all approved of these skyscrapes in wooing big business in the financial district. However, during this election, mayor candidate Moscone has exhibited a very liberal stance in voicing his opposition to the above.

Moscone's opponent Barbagelata is a self-declared conservative and doesn't pretend to be a liberal. With these two candidates to choose from, big business had no choice but support Barbagelata. Within two weeks they provided him with $70,000—the maximum amount allowed for campaign expenses—and compelled the pseudo-liberals to go along with Barbagelata.

Moscone won, and the candidate of big business lost. This should mark a closing chapter to the pseudo-liberalism of the past thirty years.

ANGEL ISLAND GALLERY EXHIBIT

SAN FRANCISCO—The Jackson Street Gallery will present an exhibit about Chinese immigration at Angel Island beginning this Saturday January 10 at 1:00 p.m. The gallery will be open Monday through Friday from 12:00 to 5:00 p.m. The exhibit will close March 2. Call 982-7425 to visit gallery in the evening.

On exhibit will be silkscreens, drawings, photographs, ceramics and plaster castings of poems carved on the walls of the detention barracks at Angel Island. At 8:00 p.m. on Saturday there will be an evening of dance and poetry at the gallery.

Riding the Tan-Zam Railway

By SANDY HORWICH & JOE LA TORRE

ZAMBIA, EAST AFRICA (PNS)—When you buy a ticket for a ride on the new Tanzania-Zambia (Tan-Zam) Railway in East Africa, the Tanzanian ticket seller computes the fare on an abacus. His Chinese supervisor hangs over his shoulder, watching each step of the sale.

Built by the People's Republic of China—which provided a $400 million interest-free loan and 20,000 workers—the railway was officially opened October 24, 1975, to great fanfare in both countries. The train we were to take was only the third to be run from Dar es Salaam in Tanzania to Kapiri Mposhi in Zambia—a 48-hour journey along an 1150-mile route.

LIFELINE

The weekly passenger service provides convenient transportation for the village—and townspeople there. But for Zambia especially, the Tan-Zam is not just a means of transport: it is a lifeline.

Zambia is a landlocked country. Its principal export, copper, must be transported overland to industrial markets abroad.

Before the construction of the Tan-Zam, Zambia's main lines of communication ran through white-ruled southern Africa: Rhodesia and the former Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola. Black-ruled Zambia, which supports black majority rule for southern Africa, found itself dependent on the good will of Rhodesia and Portugal for its economic links to the outside world.

The Tan-Zam Railway reduces that vulnerability, giving Zambia's copper a fast, efficient line to the ocean through black Africa. Before, the only route to the politically friendly Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam—a major port on the Indian Ocean—was an extremely rough road that truckers dubbed "hell run."

EXCITED

By 9 o'clock on the Sunday morning of our departure, the waiting room in Dar es Salaam's huge new station was filled with excited Tanzanians. (Though there is now only one train a week to Zambia, the lobby—built for the future—seemed half the size of a football field.)

Babies clung to their mothers' backs in characteristically African fashion, held in place by bright-colored cloths. Belongings were also wrapped in cloths, or carried in baskets. Many of the people had come to see friends and relatives off, though others came simply to look at the new train—a great source of national pride for Tanzanians.

While most of the Tanzanians lined up for the unreserved third-class compartments, the first- and second-class passengers, assured of a seat, waited on benches on the opposite side of the huge waiting room. The few whites waiting sat among this group.

When the gates opened, everyone quickly filled the train, and precisely on time—at 10 a.m.—it left.

COACHES

The coaches, built in China, were indistinguishable from those on European trains. Almost every seat in all three classes was taken. Our second-class compartment, meant for six people, was crowded with six adults and four children; in the third-class compartments many passengers had to stand. Though a fan turned in our compartment, the thermometer on the wall soon reached 98°.

In the snack car, sipping on warm soft drinks (there was no refrigerator), we met a young San Franciscan who had nearly been arrested in Dar es Salaam. Picked up by a carful of plaincothes police as he took photos of the train station, he had been released after several hours of explaining with everything but his film—though the police promised to return the negatives if developing them revealed nothing sinister.

"Soft drinks finished," the barman said only hours after our departure. By nightfall, the supply of warm beer was also gone and only coffee, tea and filtered water remained for the rest of the trip.

At irregular intervals the snack car served up omelettes and plates of stew and rice, but there was no dining car. Fortunately, like most passengers, we had brought our own food. Bananas were sold through the windows at many of the station stops.

As the train passed through the Selous Game Reserve in Tanzania, scores of passengers leaned out the windows and called out in excitement as elephants, lions, gazelles and warthogs appeared. Cries of "simba" (lion) from the head of the train would send people scrambling to look.

During the two-day journey we stopped at about two dozen stations. At each stop, the entire town would come out to meet the train. Chinese workers, clad in gray or blue overalls, were always there too. At one stop we counted 60 of them on the platform, strolling up and down and chatting quietly among themselves. The Africans seemed to take no notice of them.

At night, the padded benches of our second-class compartment folded into beds and we were able to sleep. Many passengers, however, stayed awake in their excitement. Late into the night we could hear shouting and laughing—and sometimes singing—whenever the train stopped.

TANGLED

The second morning, the train almost emptied at Mbeya, a large town near the Zambia border. Immigration and customs officials boarded, and we spent the morning trying to be patient and polite as problems with visas and currency restrictions mounted in a tangled sea of red tape.

Finally winning the bureaucratic stamp of approval, we headed into Zambia with the train two-thirds empty. The quiet was broken only by the regular appearance of cleaners. At least six times a day, attendants swept and mopped all the compartments and corridors. But the toilets were somehow neglected, and the compartment fan, perhaps overworked in the now 94° heat, had broken.

That night, we had the whole compartment to ourselves and slept peacefully. The train employees now almost outnumbered the passengers as we passed through northern Zambia.

The next morning we pulled into Kapiri Mposhi, the Zambian terminus of the railway, at 10 a.m.—exactly on schedule. The gleaming new Tan-Zam terminal there is about a mile-and-a-half outside the small town, while the train to Lusaka, Zambia's capital, leaves from its own station in the center of town.

TRUDGED

Caught without local currency and with only 20 minutes to catch the Lusaka train, we trudged into town along a dirt path. There the banks were closed and there was no way to change money, so we finally hitched a ride to the next big town, Kabwe.

A Greek immigrant who had lived in Zambia 21 years picked us up. He complained about how white, non-citizen businessmen like himself were being mistreated by the Zambian government.

He mentioned that South Africa had recently offered to pay off the Chinese construction loan. He couldn't understand why the Zambians had refused South Africa's offer—and why they preferred Chinese influence in their country to that of South Africa.

(Sandy Horwich, an American lawyer, and Joe La Torre, an African specialist at the University of California, Berkeley, have been traveling in Africa for the past six months. —Ed.)

Dar es Salaam's new railway station. (China Pictorial Photo)

EAST BAY ETHNIC LISTING PUBLISHED

OAKLAND — A listing of all the ethnic organizations of the East Bay has been published by the International Institute. The publication includes clubs, social service organizations, fraternal groups, churches, reference people, news media and consulates. It is available at $4.50 each from the Institute, 297 Lee Street, Oakland, CA 94610.

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CHUNG NGAI FEATURED ON 2

OAKLAND — *Asians Now* on KTVU-TV, Channel 2 this Saturday at 9 a.m. will feature entertainment and discussion of Chinese New Year. The Chung Ngai Dance Troup from San Francisco will perform and there will be a short discussion of Spring Festival. Hosts are Donald Yee and Serena Chen.

TWO TO BE HONORED AT YMCA MEETING

SAN FRANCISCO—Two distinguished persons who have had historical ties with the Chinese YMCA will be honored at the YMCA Annual Branch Council meeting and dinner on January 8 at the Chinatown Salvation Army, 1450 Powell Street.

Dr. S. C. Lee served as the first Executive Secretary of the Chinese Branch from 1918 to 1922. He went to the University of Hawaii and served as professor of Chinese History and Languages for the next 21 years. Lee started a new division of Asian Studies at Michigan State University and he held a Ph.D. from Columbia University.

Homer S. K. Cherk will be completing his 42nd year of service to the YMCA as member of the board. He and his older brother arrived in the United States from China in 1912, settling in Sacramento for three years. He then moved to San Francisco where he began an insurance business which has kept him active through the years.

KSFO's Community Affairs department held an appreciation reception last week to thank community people who assisted their programming during the year. Pictured (left to right) are KSFO "Reactions" host Julia Hare, Dr. Jane Lee, a frequent guest on KSFO, her husband William Lee, and KSFO host Esther Yuen (Don Tong photo)

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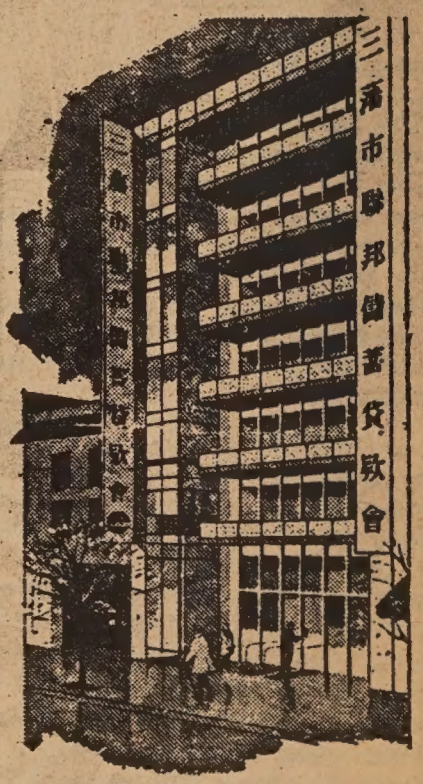

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Calling All "Yes" People

By JOHN LUM

The U.S. Office of Education's (USOE) Office of Bilingual Education (OBE) is seeking Asian-American and Pacific Island persons for its national advisory board.

A word of warning, however. Interested Asian-Americans and Pacific Islanders should have the reputation for being comformists. Persons already rejected for consideration have the reputation for asking hard questions of the Office of Bilingual Education.

Of the 2,277 USOE employees housed in D.C., only 13 are Asian-Americans. Of these 13, none are supervisors or are above the GS-14 level.

Of the 120 current management interns at USOE, only one is Asian-Americans. For the 1976 class, there is none. Locally, there are no Asian-Americans of the professional level at the Region IX OE headquarters. "One, Two, Three. No promotions at U.S.O.E."

OTHER VITAL STATS

Despite the Lau decision victory for San Francisco's Chinese children, less than 1/50th of the Office of Bilingual Education's classroom demonstration resources are allocated to the instructional needs of Asian-American/Pacific Islander children.

No AA/PI is being served by this Office of Bilingual Education in such states as New York (except for 200 high schoolers), Illinois and Washington. No Korean American children are being served at all. "A, B, C. Almost no money from O.B.E."

In real life, Asian-American experiences are part of life's total scene. Yet, writings and other descriptions about Asian-American and other minorities are usually written up in specialized, isolated circumstances —Asian-American newspapers, Asian-American curriculum, Asian-American books and magazines, etc.

Useful as these treatments may be, they tend to present Asian-Americans as always being different, as not being part of the mainstream of life.

How refreshing it is, then, to see the November issue of "CATESOL Newsletter," a professional educational publication concerned with language learning.

Sprinkled throughout its eight pages are four Asian-American names and, additionally, three short articles of Asian-American concerns.

This "mainstreaming" treatment of persons and things Asian-American reflects a realistic picture of Asian-American concerns in the total picture of the educational profession. It ought to be emulated.

HOLLIS CHIN WINS BICENTENNIAL SPOT

SAN FRANCISCO—Hollis Chin, a senior at George Washington High School, has been chosen as the school's winner in the Bicentennial Senior School Competition, a nationwide scholarship program sponsored by Shell Oil Company.

Chin, the daughter of Mrs. Landes Chin and the late Harry B. Chin, is a local winner of the Veterans of Foreign War oratorical competition and will speak at a Lion's Club contest on Friday.

Her winning composition consists of a "Bicentennial Minute" and a commentary discussing the relevance of this "minute for today and for America's future." Chin will now compete with other high school students for the two state spots in the national competition.

HEALING ACADEMY PRESENTS TOFUERS

SAN FRANCISCO—The East West Academy of Healing Arts will present Bill Shurtleff and Akiko Aoyagi, co-authors of "The Book of Tofu," on Thursday, January 15 from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. at Cole Hall, Medical Science Building, 350 Parnassus Avenue, at the University of California, San Francisco, General Admission is $6.00 and the price for senior citizens is $3.00.

The speakers will prepare and serve a number of their favorite tofu and miso recipes and teach how to make tofu at home. Tofu or bean curd is a high protein food low in saturated fats and free of cholesterol. Miso is fermented soybean paste high in protein and rich in digestion-aiding enzymes. Call 546-6444 for information. Prepaid reservation necessary.

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New year FOR FONG WING

BY MONFOON LEONG

("New Year for Fong Wing" is one of the stories in the book Number One Son *by Monfoon Leong. A Chinese translation is printed in the Chinese section of this issue. —Ed.)*

"Come, Wing. We go to House of Ten-Thousand Delights. Good?" The Chung Shan accents of Lee Mun, the chef, rumbled up from deep in his round belly. He grinned at Fong Wing, a grin that put crinkles in the shiny smoothness of his face.

Fong Wing did not reply. He picked up his pay from the cashier's counter and followed Lee Mun out the door. With the back of a gnarled hand, reddened from years of dishwashing, he brushed back a few wisps of gray hair that hung over his eyes.

Lee Mun spoke again. "Tired, eh, Wing? When New Year comes, everybody comes to Chinatown."

They stepped out of the restaurant into a gray world of fog. In it, the diffused yellow gleam from the windows made a semi-circular island of light in which they stood for a moment. As if at a signal, they both shivered with a spasm from the sudden damp cold.

"If I lose all my money again in fan tan game, old woman will nag me without rest." Fong Wing finally answered. Although he had come from the Hoy Ping district, he adapted his reedy voice to the tones of the more generally known Sam Yup dialect so that Lee Mun could understand him.

The chef chuckled. "You can blame only yourself for taking wife who thinks gambling not good."

"Wife is good woman," Fong Wing snapped.

They hesitated in the light as if afraid to venture into the early-morning darkness of the fog.

"May be good woman, but she nags you for gambling. Makes you feel guilty about one of joys of living."

Fong Wing nodded slowly. "When I have no money left for foodstuffs, she scolds night and day."

"I will go with you to buy things for New Year's feast," said the rotund Lee Mun. "Not want you to start year with wifely din. Store of Chun Bock is only one open all night. We will go there."

Relieved that his friend did not tempt him further, Fong Wing did not answer, but shrugged his coat tighter around his narrow shoulders and started up the street toward Chun Bock's. Lee Mun waddled along beside him.

Through the thick screen of fog, the few cars still parked on the street looked like so many shapeless monsters. Porcelain Buddhas squatted placidly in the dimness behind the plate glass of modernistic shop fronts. The steps of the two men, as they shuffled along, kicked up small clouds of shattered red paper, the remains of thousands of firecrackers exploded during the night in celebration of the coming of the New Year. What a din there must have been! The street was still now. Still and empty, mused Fong Wing, empty as was his life. He cast a sidelong glance at Lee Mun and marveled at the vigor of his step after the long night of work.

"Why you not marry, Mun?" he asked suddenly. "You are now over forty years of age and still have no family to carry on name."

The chef's body quivered with his barely audible laughter. He could have been a reincarnation of the Laughing Buddha. "I like fan tan. And I do not like chatter of woman." His laughter slowly subsided as they walked a few steps in silence. Then he added, "Who carry on your name? You have only daughter left." He recognized too late the effect his words would have, for a contrite wrinkling of his brow obliterated the twinkle of his expression almost before the words had left his lips.

Fong Wing knew that his friend had not meant to hurt him, his own words had planted the thought, but his jaw muscles tightened convulsively. He quickened his stride. Lee Mun had difficulty keeping up with him.

They had not reached the corner when Fong Wing felt the chef's hand on his arm. "Wing! Wing! To be angry is of no use." He slowed his steps. Lee Mun took his hand away. As they continued at a slower pace, the chef asked, "How old is your daughter now?"

Fong Wing looked sharply at him. "Too young for you," he said.

Lee Mun's laughter shook him so violently that he had to stop walking. Fong Wing waited for him. "No need to worry," Lee Mun said between gasps. "I not want child for bride."

"She is seventeen. Why do you ask?"

"Is old enough for young husband." They started walking again. "Why do you not get husband for her?" Lee Mun hesitated, then added, "Husband of daughter would be son for you."

Fong Wing snapped, "Why worry about son for me? I do not worry."

"Do not tell me you do not worry—" Lee Mun began. He looked at his friend and became silent.

Chun Bock's was empty but for a clerk drowsing on a stool behind the counter that occupied one side of the narrow store. The opposite wall was lined with shelves of canned goods labeled in English and Chinese. On the floor beneath the shelves was a row of lug boxes full of vegetables. From one of them, Fon Wing picked up a bunch of foot-long string beans and plunked it on the counter to arouse the clerk. He awoke with a start and rubbed his eyes.

Lee Mun picked up a warty, bright-green bitter-melon and examined it with the eye of a connoisseur while Fong Wing asked the clerk, "You have good salted duck eggs?"

The clerk had no chance to answer. Lee Mun erupted, "Salted duck eggs! Such food is for every day! For New Year's dinner should have more fancy dishes. Fish bellies make excellent soup." He pointed to a jar on the counter. In it were puffed-up, airy-looking pieces of golden yellow the size of a man's fist.

"No. No. No fish bellies." A lump rose in Fong Wing's throat and he turned his face from Lee Mun.

"Why not? You like fish bellies, I know."

"Was third son's favorite dish." Fong Wing whispered the words, bending down to a jar as if to examine the contents more closely so that the moisture in his eyes would not be noticed.

Lee Mun burst out brusquely, "Wing, skin of your face is wrinkled, hair on your head is turning white, but you do not have wisdom of age. Yearning for sons will not bring them back."

"Two first-born killed in France in Big War. Was that not enough?" Fong Wing could contain himself no longer. The coming of the New Year had brought sharply to his mind and to his heart the realization that he could hope for no new beginning, for no grandchildren of his own name. Without that hope, the future was empty as a hollow gourd, there was left only the shell of the past. "Why did third son have to go?" Months of anguish were poured into the question.

Lee Mun soothed, "He returned from War on Fourth of July heroes' ship. Received hero's burial."

Lee Mun spoke of heroes. He had never had sons, had never poured his life into young bodies and spirits.

"No sons, no grandson will tell of his heroism," muttered Fong Wing.

The clerk was becoming restive as he waited for them to buy, but the two ignored him. Lee Mun moved his hand as if to put it on Fong Wing's shoulder. Before completing the gesture, he drew back his hand and said instead,

(Continued on page 7)

FONG WING by Carolyn Chan

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New Year For Fong Wing

(Continued from page 6)

very slowly and hesitantly, "For long time I have wanted to ask you, Wing. How did boy feel about fighting Asian brothers?"

The question was not an unexpected one for Fong Wing, but he gazed at Lee Mun for a long moment before replying. He felt a bit ashamed as he answered, "Before son went to war, I asked him same question. He said he was not going to fight brothers; he was American fighting for his country against enemy." He shook his head sadly. "Mun, young men are not like us. Old country, old brotherhood of blood means very little to them. They are too much American, too little Chinese." Then he added, as if to himself, "Maybe—maybe it is good thing."

Lee Mun nodded slowly. "Your sons were born here, Wing. Home-land is heart-land."

"What does it matter now. They are beyond ties of blood or home." Fong Wing's words were almost inaudible.

Gently, very gently, Lee Mun said, "What is past cannot be helped. Is it not better to accept what is done? There is still tomorrow."

"How many tomorrows has old man without sons?"

Lee Mun shook his head as he said, "You have wisdom of old fool." Then he shrugged his massive shoulders and showed his teeth in a grin. "Enjoy today then. Flavor of fine birds' nest soup will drown bitter taste of melancholy. Today is New Year. Wing!"

Fong Wing could not resist the chef's cheerfulness. He had to admit to himself that his black thoughts could bring nothing but pain. He smiled wanly and shrugged. "Cannot afford good birds' nest."

"Money! Of what use is money?" Lee Mun exploded. "I buy you box of finest for New Year present." Brushing aside Fong Wing's protests, he ordered a box of the most expensive, snow-white birds' nest. Soon Fong Wing had filled a large bag with all manner of delicacies. For New Year's Day, at least, there would be no nagging from his wife.

He cradled the bag in his arm and followed Lee Mun out into the grayness. The fog chilled somewhat the warmth that was returning to Fong Wing's spirits and he was silent as they walked to the corner and turned up the steep street toward the two-room apartment that was his home.

Even the exuberance of Lee Mun was dampened. He respected his companion's silence. He stopped when they reached the entrance to an alley that was little more than a narrow passageway between the buildings. "I will go see if have good luck in New Year," he said. "You truly do not want to come?"

Fong Wing hesitated a long moment, but finally muttered, "Wife will chop off my head. Besides, what you do on New Year's Day, you will do all rest of year."

Lee Mun chuckled. "I say that will be fine. Nothing I like better than gamble all year. I will show you my winnings at work tonight." He turned and started off up the alley.

Fong Wing watched the waddling figure as it thrust its way through the fog. The chef was hardly a dozen paces away, but was already almost hidden. Fong Wing started to call to him, but remembered the hour and instead, broke into a shuffling trot to catch the receding back. He hugged the bag of groceries with one arm, holding the top with his free hand so that nothing would be shaken out. "Wait. I will go," he said when he drew abreast of Lee Mun. He was puffing from the exertion. Lee Mun said nothing, but his teeth gleamed in a broad grin.

They stopped before a store, dark as all the others. In the light of the street lamps that barely filtered its way through the fog, a weathered wooden sign was visible over the doorway. It contained two Chinese characters, "Ten-Thousand Delights." They opened the unlocked door and entered. In a back corner of the dark and empty cubicle that was the shop, a dim light glimmered through a hole at eye level. Lee Mun led the way to the door and knocked sharply upon it. An eye appeared at the hole. "Lee Mun," he said, and the door opened. They entered and proceeded down the dimly lit corridor toward another door. After a second scrutiny, they passed through into a large, oblong room in which the smoke was almost as heavy as the fog outdoors.

At the back was a washroom, a broom closet, and a door that Fong Wing knew opened on a corridor that led to the back entrance. Round tables were ranged along each bare wall, tables around which crowded Filipinos, Negroes, Mexicans, Japanese, whites, Chinese, all

"Mun, young men are not like us. Old country, old brotherhood of blood means very little to them. They are too much American, too little Chinese." Then he added, as if to himself, "Maybe—maybe it is good thing."

men, all intent upon their games of poker, blackjack, craps, pai gow, or fan tan. The clothes of most of them were worn and frayed as Fong Wing's. They all looked so worn and tired that Fong Wing wondered why they stayed. "You play pai gow?" he asked Lee Mun, nodding toward a group of men, all Chinese, playing dominoes.

"I will watch the beans with you tonight," Lee Mun said, moving to the fan tan table. Fong Wing took a place beside him. He watched the operator for a few minutes before he started to bet. The operator was young, he could not have been over twenty-five, but the skin over his gaunt cheeks and high forehead looked old and sallow. If he had not known that this generation no longer used the pipe, Fong Wing would have judged him to be an opium addict. He handled the ivory wand dexterously with the tips of his bony fingers.

With his left hand, he would scoop a handful of the white soybeans out of the box at his elbow and pour them into a pile in front of him. Checking the bets with a quick glance, he would spread out the pile with a sweep of his wand, a chopstick-like instrument with a curved, flattened end. With deft flicks of the wand, he would sort out the beans, four by four, and scoop them back into a pile. After the last group of four was taken out, he would intone in an emotionless voice the number remaining, rake in the money of the losers, and pay the winners.

Fong Wing, watching the boy, was disturbed. In his own youth working in a gambling house was understandable. A Chinese in America could find work only in restaurants, laundries, or gambling houses. Today there was opportunity almost without limit. Fong Wing came in the hope of winning enough to ease the emptiness, the barrenness of his existence. But this boy had all of life before him, and he did not even have the chance to win for himself, as had the men whose money he raked in. "Young fool," Fong Wing mumbled under his breath. "Young fool."

He set his bag of groceries under the table.

"You are speaking to me?" It was Lee Mun, who had already begun to play and was gleefully sweeping in his winnings. Folds of flesh formed under his jaw as he cocked his head toward Fong Wing.

"That boy." Fong Wing nodded in the dealer's direction. "My boy died so he can waste life running bean game."

Before Lee Mun could say anything, a voice intruded. "You are playing?" The young operator was polite, but there was a tinge of impatience in his voice.

Fong Wing shot him a look of resentment, but pulled out his old, leather purse. Without a word, he began to play. He started betting on the four individual numbers. His weariness and resentment began to drop from him as he won again and again. He thought he would buy a nice dress for his woman. It had been a long time—. But his luck did not last. As his stack of coins dwindled, he switched to playing the odds and evens. They paid less when he won, but there was more chance of winning. He watched the dealer raking in his money. Once their eyes met and Fong Wing thought he saw a look almost of regret. He shook off the thought. Soon his stack of coins was gone.

His hand was trembling when he pulled the worn purse from his pocket. The five-dollar bill was all that remained in it. He looked at Lee Mun. The rotund chef was beaming happily, one arm wrapped around a large pile of coins while his gleaming black eyes followed the darting movement of the ivory wand. What need had he for money? No wife, no family—.

Monfoon Leong
(1916–1964)

"Writing, to me, is an expression of egotism. One feels that he has within him thoughts, ideas, feelings that may lead one human being to a better understanding of another, that cannot be or have not been expressed by any other writer as well or in quite the same way. If he chooses fiction as his vehicle, he feels that he can entertain as well as enlighten. So, he puts words on paper in full confidence that others will read them, and be enlightened and entertained, and be charmed by his wit and wisdom. And he may be right. So, I write . . ."

—*Monfoon Leong*
(From the preface in *Number One Son.*)

Fong Wing looked at the bill in his hand. There was handwriting scrawled across it. The signatures of generals, he had been told. A short-snorter bill they called it, sent home with the rest of his third son's personal belongings. He looked up and found the young dealer watching him expectantly. He was about to place the entire five dollars on number three when a heavy thumping and the splintering of wood broke through the subdued hum of the room. He looked toward the door. The first doorkeeper was scurrying through it, piping "Police!" to the room in general. The second doorkeeper slammed the door shut and placed a wooden bar across it. No one in the room said a word, but almost all hurried toward the back door. The dealers were scooping their money into canvas bags. The thumping and splintering noise continued.

Fong Wing stuffed the bill back into his pocket. He looked for Lee Mun and found him still sitting, smiling imperturbably. Noticing Fong Wing's look, he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "I wait for police. They always wait at back door anyway—and I am too fat for closet door." He nodded toward the broom closet to which the dealers were hurrying. "You better hurry."

The young fan tan operator had already filled his bag with the money on the table. Noticing that he had not moved from his seat,

(Continued on page 8)

CLASSI-AD

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EVENTS

WED, JAN.7, 7:30 PM.
Open meeting of the Japanese American Citizens League with guest S.F. School superintendent Robert Alioto at Pine United Methodist Church, 426 33rd Ave.

THURS, JAN.8, 12 NOON
Swearing in ceremony for Mayor George Moscone in the City Hall rotunda.

THURS, JAN.8, 7:30 PM.
Meeting of District V Citizens' Advisory Board at Prine United Methodist Church to discuss approval of site of new outpatient center at 3626 Balboa St. The proposed facility is open for inspection at 6:30 p.m. on Jan. 8. For more info call District V CAB, 665-5223.

THUR., JAN. 8, 1976, 6 P.M.
Chinese YMCA Annual Branch Council Meeting and Dinner, Salvation Army Building, 1450 Powell St.

SAT., JAN. 17, 7 P.M.
The 13th Anniversary Dinner of the Chinese Historical Society of America Will be held at the Empress of China. Guest speaker will be Albert H. Yee, phD., Dean of Graduate Studies and Research, California State University, Long Beach.
Cost is $10.00 per person. Send check for reservations before Jan. 7 to Doris Wong, 17 Adler Place, San Francisco 94133.

NEW YEAR

(Continued from page 7)

Fong Wing started to urge him to hurry, but the youth spoke first. Very quietly, but with a note of desperate urgency in his voice, he said in Sam Yup dialect with a touch of Fong Wing's Hoy Ping accent, "Can you carry me to closet?"

"I carry you?"

"I do not weigh much. You see—" he looked downward. Fong Wing moved around the table to see. "I am only half a man." Fong Wing saw that the young man's trousers legs were indeed folded and pinned up almost to his hips. Anticipating his question, the youth added, "Army doctors said not enough left to fit man-made legs." A loud crash that shook the room announced the breaching of the first door. "Can you carry?" he asked again. Fong Wing picked him up and shuffled toward the closet. Even without legs, the youth was a heavy load for the old man, but the strong arm about his neck lent him added strength.

"War?" Fong Wing asked.

The lines about the young man's mouth sharpened and he nodded. Fong Wing felt a tensing of the body in his arms.

"My third son died there," he said.

"I should have." The arm tightened about his neck.

They were almost to the closet. Fong Wing shook him as if chiding a naughty boy. "Do not say that." He fumbled in his mind for words of reassurance and came across a happy thought. "My woman and I—," he hesitated, then continued, "We need son." He felt the youth relax somewhat in his arms and then become tense again almost at once. He was shaking his head.

"You would not—," the youth started, but he was interrupted by one of the other dealers who hurried out of the closet door calling, "We forgot you."

Reaching them in a few strides, the man said, "Here, old man. I will take him," lifted the youth easily from Fong Wing's reluctant arms, and turned back to the closet. Fong Wing's effort to clutch the young body to him had been futile.

Over the dealer's shoulder, the youth smiled and said, "Half a son is worse than none. But many thanks, uncle."

Fong Wing's heart warmed at the respectful title. They squeezed through the narrow opening at the back of the closet. The last one through, Fong Wing closed the panel behind him. He followed the others silently through door after door until they stopped in a shop that he knew faced the same alley which he had entered earlier. The other dealers were there, huddled in a group, some of them swearing softly in the darkness.

Fong Wing suddenly remembered with a deep groan of anguish that he had left the bag of delicacies in the gambling room. He thought of going back after it when the police had left, but remembered that they would probably leave someone to watch the place. Better to go home empty-handed than to chance the disgrace of a night in jail. That would indeed be good cause for endless harangues from his woman.

He looked for the legless youth, but could no longer distinguish him from the others in darkness. Soon the fading sound of the patrol wagon in the distance emboldened them to steal quietly out of the shop. Fong Wing strained to catch a glimpse of the youth again in the crowd at the door. Too many were pushing through. He thought to ask someone and realized that he did not know the young man's name. By the time he had slipped into the alley most of the group was gone. The legless one was nowhere in sight. At the end of the alley, he watched the others melt into the wall of fog. It occurred to him that he could have asked for "the man without legs." Now it was too late. Even half a son—.

He took the five-dollar bill out of his pocket and stuffed it carefully back into the purse. The thought came to his mind to spend the night at Lee Mun's lodgings, but he pushed it away almost as soon as it came and headed homeward, shrugging his thin coat closer around his spare form. He shuffled heavily along, feeling the thick fog like an enormous weight on his shoulders, pushing him down.

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Berkeley Research Center Focuses on China Today

By SARA CHIN

BERKELEY — Unknown to the general public, the University of California in Berkeley has a special research institute that is one of the leading centers for the study of contemporary China in this country.

The Center for Chinese Studies was established in 1957 with an initial million-dollar grant from the Ford Foundation and funds from the university.

With funds from these sources, the Center has supported a number of important research projects. It has also built up a library that specializes in materials on China after 1949. According to Frederic Wakeman, the history professor who chairs the committee in charge of the Center, this is one of the best collections of its kind in the world.

INFLUENCE

Asked what effect the Center has had on research and teaching in the China field, Professor Wakeman listed three areas of influence.

A number of well-known scholars on China have been supported in their research by the Center. One familiar to Bay Area residents is Chalmers Johnson, the professor of political science at Berkeley who surveys the Chinese press for the KQED program World Press. Johnson is known for his work on Chinese and Japanese politics.

Another means of influence is through publication of research funded by the Center, Wakeman said.

ESSENTIAL

Printed by the University of California Press, some of these books have become essential reading for students of China. One that has become a classic on the People's Republic is Franz Schurmann's *Ideology and Organization in Communist China.* It analyzes the basic structure and principles of the government, party, society and economy of China. Schurmann is professor of sociology and history at the university.

According to Wakeman, the Center influences research in a third way by serving as a meeting place where scholars come to do research and to exchange ideas.

Each year, several scholars from other schools receive grants to do research at the Center. Conferences are organized to bring together specialists from other schools. The Center also serves as a convenient way station for scholars traveling to Asia and back.

POLICY

Wakeman said the Center does not have much influence on government policy towards China, partly because its location on the west coast makes travel to Washington for consultations inconvenient. Schools in the East, such as Harvard, are better situated for this task. The government does consult with individuals connected with the Center, but the Center itself is not directly involved.

As for indirect influence on American views of China, Wakeman said research at the Center has pointed out the importance of ideology in China. This, he said, is significant because Americans have continually underestimated the importance of ideology in Chinese thinking.

Nearly all the members of the committee that directs the activities of the Center teach at Berkeley. They are China specialists from a number of different fields: Oriental languages, art, political science, history and anthropology. One of their important tasks is awarding funds for research.

FOCUS

Wakeman said each year there is usually a common focus to the projects funded by the Center. In 1974, for instance, the focus was on resistance to the Japanese invasion in China from 1937 to 1945.

Originally concerned with political and economic developments in China after 1949, the scope of research has become quite diverse, ranging from a study of cultural confrontation between Chinese and Muslims, to a bibliography listing English translations of Mao Tse-tung's writings after 1949. Research is not confined to 20th-century China.

In addition to funding individual research, the Center also supports group projects. A dictionary of new Chinese terms will be completed soon. A language book is already in print, the *Elementary Chinese Companion.* It provides exercises to supplement a textbook from Peking called *Elementary Chinese.* Teachers at Berkeley are now using this text for their first-year course because they think it is a good reflection of how Mandarin is spoken today in China.

PROJECT

Members of the Center participate in another project conducted in cooperation with Stanford University. It is the Bay Area China Education Project, a program designed to improve curriculum materials and methods of teaching on China at the elementary and secondary school levels.

Since the Center is a research organization, it does not offer classes nor enroll students. Those interested in pursuing Chinese studies must apply to Berkeley. Students do, however, use the Center's library and attend lectures arranged by the Center. Some work as research assistants on projects funded by the Center.

SPEAKERS

A series of meetings is held every Monday at noon in the Center library; they are open to the public. Different speakers are scheduled each week. Information on other activities open to the public may be obtained from the Center's office in Barrows Hall on the Berkeley campus.

The public may also use the Center library and reading room. The reading room contains a wide variety of magazines and newspapers on Asia. The majority of the books are in Chinese, but there are also several thousand Western and Japanese-language books. Librarian C. P. Chen points out that the library is meant for serious students.

MABEL'S TABLE

WINE SHRIMP

by Mabel Lai

醉 蝦

½ lb. medium shrimp in shell

¾ cup dry sherry wine or Shao Hsing wine

2 tbp. water

2 tbp. white vinegar

4 tbp. light soy sauce

Method:

Trim all "whiskers" from shrimp.

Wash in salted water twice. Rinse. Drain.

Put sherry in a shallow sauce pot. Add shrimp.

Bring wine to a boil, then reduce heat to low and cook for 3 minutes, turning shrimp occasionally.

Remove shrimp from wine. Drain.

Put shrimp in a shallow container. Add water, vinegar and soy sauce.

Marinate shrimp for 4 hours in refrigerator.

Peel shrimps before arranging them on a plate to serve.

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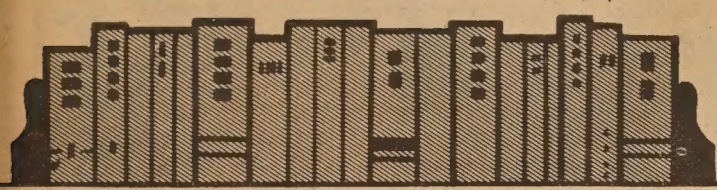

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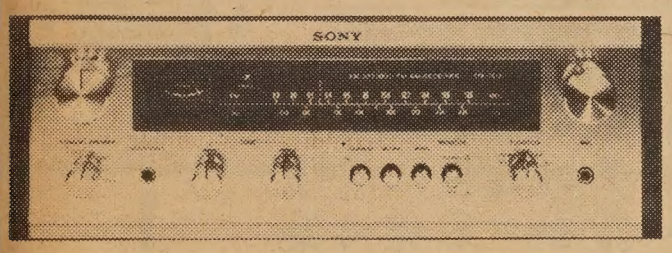

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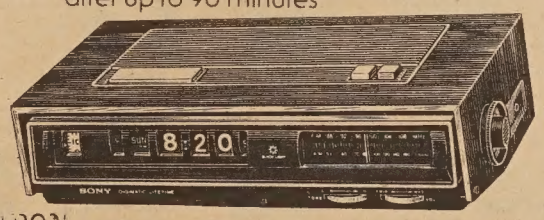

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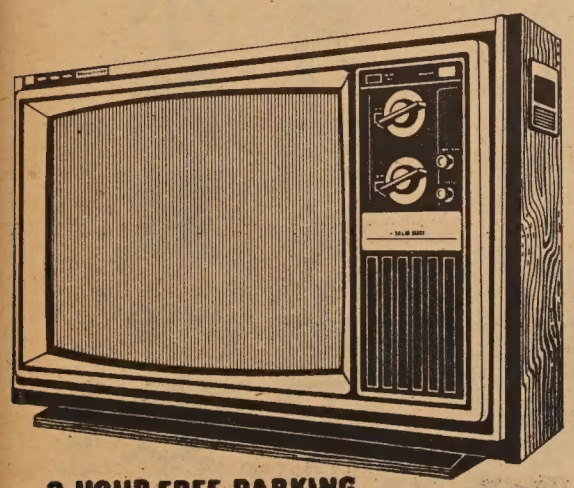

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MAYOR MOSCONE GUESTS AT DEMO NEW YEAR BANQUET

SAN FRANCISCO—Mayor George Moscone will be the guest of honor and speaker at the annual Chinese American Democratic Club banquet to be held at 9:00 p.m., Saturday, February 14 at the Empress of China Ballroom above Grant Avenue. Tickets are $12.50 per person or $125 for a table of ten. Due to limited seating capacity, table assignments will be made in order of cash payment received. For details, call Eric Lien, banquet chairman, 391-8400.

The Democratic Club's new officers for 1976 are: president Ling-chi Wang, vice presidents Eric Lien and Ben Tom, English secretary Alan Wong, Chinese secretary Joe Yuey, treasurer Paul Romano, auditors Wayne Nishioka and Ed Tong, parliamentarian Lillian Sing and coordinator of the Fiery Dragon Newsletter Gimmy Park Li.

PROGRAM NOTES

Ken Ogata in a scene from "The Castle of Sand."

"The Castle of Sand" Is Shakey But Solid

• *The Castle of Sand* is a good solid film which would have benefited from tighter editing. The film begins as a taut who-done-it about a murder of an old man in a railway yard. From the slimmest of clues and through dogged police work, the two detectives, played expertly by Tetsro Tamba and Kensaku Morita slowly construct a history of the murdered man and trace the crime to a rising composer engaged to the daughter of the Japanese Foreign Minister.

All the detectives have to go on is a district accent and a snatch of a name overheard in a conversation. The first half of the film is spellbinding as the two detectives, the older more experienced Tamba and the younger impulsive officer played by Morita, find themselves at one dead end after another. Finally, through tough, exhausting detective work the pieces fall together and point to the composer, played by Go Kato, as he premiers his masterpiece before the public. The intercutting between the police hearing and Kato playing his piano composition would have worked much better with tighter editing. It goes on too long and loses its power. But the film, playing for one more week at the Kokusai, is worth seeing. Mainichi Film Concour awarded *The Castle of Sand* "Best Japanese Film" of last year and also named Yoshitara Nomura best director.

• *Barry Lyndon* is being named on every critic's best ten list and Kubrick's big picture is certainly an impressive spectacle, but it's hard to figure why he spent so much time, money, and effort on this adaptation of the novel by William Thackeray. The photography is brilliant, every scene is composed like an 18th century painting and the acting is very good. But this three-hour film says little else. Even when Kubrick tackles a mundane subject with characters who are less than interesting he is a craftsman, and the film is dazzling. But it is not a masterpiece.

• Eight new directors have been elected to KQED's Board of Directors. Gerri Lange, former host of KGO-TV's "About Time," finished third with the highest vote total of a non-incumbent, with 23,358 votes.

• *Ode to the Yimeng Mountains*, the U.S. television premiere of a dance drama which was viewed by President Ford on his recent visit to China, will be on KQED's "Open Studio" next Monday night from 10:00 to 11:10 p.m. The dance drama is about the "Third Revolutionary Civil War Period."

• *Chinese Folk Songs*, sung by Barbara Fai, will be on the Chinese Community Hour this Saturday on KALW-FM (91.7) from 11-12 p.m. Next Monday, *Chinese Folk Music* will be featured on KQED-FM (88.5) from 10-11 p.m. The program will be repeated Wednesday, January 14 on KALW-FM from 9-10 p.m.

• *Chinese Community Reports* is a hard-hitting five-minute bilingual news program on KNAI-FM (100) Sundays at 8:25 a.m. and 6:25 p.m.

(*This week's Program Notes by Richard Springer*)

金山客批世情

香烟漲價

香烟漲價二至五仙。

金山客曰： 如能漲至百元一包香烟，則人人均戒烟矣。

貼錢被嫖

美國一女權運動者在加省路大埠開設男妓院，爲女性出一口氣云。

金山客曰： 謂爲女性出一口氣，本人未敢苟同，蓋此舉亦可解釋爲女性貼錢被嫖。

有益健康

乾沙士一工人，遊公園拾得巨大鑽石。

金山客曰： 此一新聞有益於世道，大可鼓勵市民多到公園遊覽，而有強身健體之作用。

形式．內容

影星恬妮宣佈，與岳華婚後決不避孕。

金山客曰： 不僅重形式；亦重內容。

臭氣相投

兩名紐約皇后區囚犯，躲在垃圾箱中，由清潔工人將之當垃圾搬走，是乃脫獄。

金山客曰： 人間渣滓與垃圾沆瀣一氣，妙！

冷戰勝利

報載：天氣寒冷，有利於美國農業，而對蘇聯之農產品有害。

金山客曰： 謂之美國「冷戰」勝利亦無不可。

得咳笑□□□ 現場錄音

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（對方掛咗綫）

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旅美的一點感想

（上接百頁）

這是大好的現象。在理，大家正應利用這大好的形勢，精誠團結，互相關懷，互相照顧，共謀僑衆的福利，發揚華僑社區的榮譽才對。但實際上却並不如此，誠令人爲之扼腕太息！

而因之，亦就致使新僑，都無意於華僑社區尋求職，而渴望能於外人所經營的機構覓得枝棲。但却受到語文的限制，難以如願，於是在飄泊中又加深了一層苦惱。在無可奈何中，他們只有强忍地於華人的商店或工廠工作，一面則加緊學習英語，以期能夠跳出那個無意羈留的小圈圈，活動於一個合理而又利於發展的工作環境。而華埠的英語中心，對他們來說，就是有力的臂助。加以所舉辦的四四制，更輔導了不少新僑，爲他們造就了良好的就業機會。華人就業協進會，協助新僑就業亦不遺餘力。新僑服務中心，對新僑的照顧，亦讓他們得到不少溫暖與便利。但這三個機構的工作人員，雖多是朝氣蓬勃的青年人，充滿熱情，幹勁十足，但人力物力究有所限，故在成就上，與理想相去仍遠。如果一衆有社會地位與及熟識地理、生活環境的老僑胞，都能動其桑梓之情，對新僑亦能予以關懷，加以輔導，則豈僅讓新僑們於客次獲得鄉情的溫暖，與及就業上的便利。就是整個華僑社區的福利，亦將獲得大大的推進，更可培植更多的優秀人材，爲華人爭取更高的榮譽，爲己爲人，都屬應當。但一些思想狹隘而又不正確的先生們，他們的觀念是否能夠改變，恐怕除了那冥冥之中的上帝，再亦沒有人能夠知道了！（本文文責，作者自負）

（陳文受）

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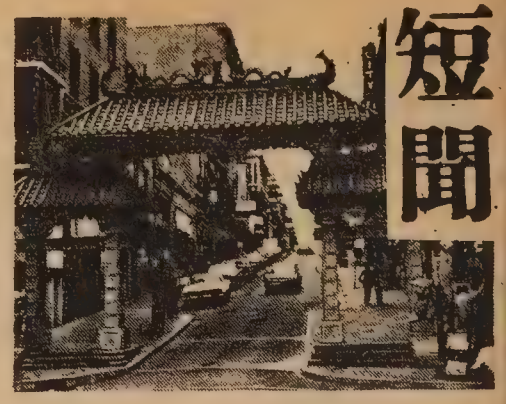

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美國退伍軍人管理局，北加省三藩市總署宣佈，凡已領受退軍養老金者，應從每年正月開始，將每月收到之社會安全局之養老金，或其他退休金數目，詳細紀錄另外，如有銀行存款之利息，或樓業收租，需要將納實業稅單，樓業燕梳收據，及一切修理支數記錄。

又每次見醫生，或取藥要取回收據，到每年終塡報退伍軍人養老金問答書時，將所有收入與超過每年入息百分之零五的醫生及醫藥費數目參照塡報，可節省許多時間，如退伍軍人及其家屬有退軍問題，最好週四前電話三九七—五三〇五，預約時間，在週四依時前往該局華埠辦事處，市德頓街一〇七號二樓，與退軍權益顧問謝錦波君面洽。

＊高中生提早畢業

沙加緬度訊：最近加省內共有近一萬三千名高中學生接受一項考試，如果考得七十五分以上者，便可以提早畢業，並由省府教育當局出證書，證明其考試合格而得同等學歷資格。

持有此資格之學生可以在提前畢業之後，入大學，或找工作。

＊圖書館映電影

三藩市華埠公立圖書館（跑華街一—三五號）將於一月十五日星期四下午二時正舉辦者英節目，屆時放影兩套電影：㈠建造樺木獨木舟的人。㈡治療法。免費入場，歡迎參觀。

＊中華文化中心辦少年學習班

本市中華文化中心，所辦少年學習班，明年續辦新班，自一月十七日至三月二十日共十星期，年齡自七歲至十五歲，分爲中文及武術兩班，中文班每週六上午九時半至十二時，武術班每週六上午十時至十二時，中文班包括書法、繪畫、國語及手工等，歡迎新生報名，請電話：九八六—一八二二，接受獎學金申請，文化中心地址：乾尼街七五〇號。

＊免費過橋時刻

三藩市屋崙大橋，山瑪刁及希活大橋及頓巴呑大橋，自一月一日起將自每工作日晨六時至下午六時開放免費過橋車道。

每輛車中載有三人或三人以上之乘客者，在上述時間內過橋可免費。

＊屋崙成人班開課

屋崙成人日校及夜校定於一月五日開課，新設華廚班，每星期五上午九時半至十二時半，在必孟園 Piedmont Gardens 分校上課，地址 110-41st. Oakland，此外有會計，打字，商業機器，園藝，裁剪，英文，美國史，物理，化學，自然科學，心理學，貨倉管理，生意經營等各科，歡迎索取上課時間表，請打電話八三六—二六二二屋崙公立學校成人教育部詢問。

＊經輔會代塡居址

華埠經輔導會，以聯邦司法部每年一月份舉辦之外籍民地址登記，甚爲重要，逾期不報，違規者可能罰款拘禁，或被判撥出境。

茲爲方便華裔外籍民起見，該會特向移民局領取表格，義務代塡居址，由即日起至一月廿一日止，每日由上午八時十五份至下午五時辦公。

凡請求代塡居址者，需攜帶綠卡或其他移民身份證明，護照等及社會安全卡，親到市作頓街一〇七四號該會辦理，如有詢問，可電三九七—五三〇五接洽。

＊最低工資增加

爲數約四百二十萬工人由本年一月一日開始增薪，因聯邦最低工資增至每小時二元三角。

但亦有壞消息，入息每年在一萬五千三百元者，社會安全保險稅亦由同日起即增收，增至百分之八點五。

＊孕婦班定期開課

華埠衛生局主辦之孕婦指導班，現定於正月七日（星期三）下午二時，在該局二樓大堂正式開課，凡已參加者，請依時到該址上課，如尚未登記，且有興趣學習婦兒常識者，可電話五五八—三一五八報名，以便編組學習。

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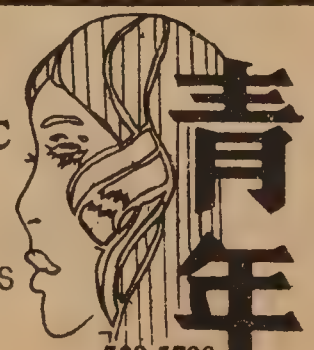

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鄺永的新年 (三)

鄺永看了他一眼，有點不高興，但還是翻出了他的破舊皮夾。一句話不說，他便開始入局。他試着押那四個不同的個別數。當他接二連三的贏進時，原有的惱恨與倦意一掃而光。他想，該可以給老婆買件漂亮衣服了。這樣子過了些時，他的好運却沒雜持太久而開始走下坡。當他看到面前那堆錢幣慢慢變少時，他改變方針，賭奇偶數。這樣，雖然贏時錢不太多，但贏的機率較大。眼看着郎中一次一次的吃進他的錢，心裡不太好受。偶爾四目交接，發覺那郎中的眼神像有些悔恨的樣子。他搖了搖頭，想揮掉這份狂想。沒多久，他面前的錢幣已全輸光了。

當他再伸手到袋裡取出那個舊皮夾時手有些顫抖。那是最後的五塊錢了。看看李文，胖司傅正在交好運，開心得眉飛色舞。他的一隻手環着面前的一大堆錢幣，發亮的瞳孔隨着牙竿的移動正骨碌碌地轉動着。這鬼師傅，他要錢有什麼用？沒家沒室的——

鄺永看着手裡的鈔票，上頭有潦亂的筆跡。人家說那是將軍的簽名。這張鈔票是和他三子的私有物一齊被送回來的。他抬起頭，看見那郎中正帶着期待的目光望着他。就在他剛想把那整五塊錢押在三號時，一聲碰撞的砰響夾着木頭碎裂聲傳來。在屋內低沈而嘈雜的嗡嗡聲裡，這聲響特別刺耳。他下意識地瞧向門口，剛好看見在第一個門把風的那人匆匆跑來，喊着：「警察來了！」那個在第二道門把風的人砰然將門關上，並上了一道木閂。房裡沒有人說話，每個人都急呼呼地湧向後門。那些郎中趕快把錢塞進帆布袋裡，屋裡嗡嗡的聲音持續着。

鄺永將鈔票塞回口袋，想看看李文在那裡。發覺他竟還安祥地坐在賭桌前，泰然自若地微笑着。李文也看見了鄺永的眼光，他聳聳肩，滿不在乎地說：

「我在等警察。他們總得在後門等着出去。而且我又胖，實在很難擠進壁櫥。」他的頭向郎中們蜂擁而去的壁櫥點了點：

「你最好快些躲起來。」

管畜難的年青郎中已將桌上的錢裝好在帆布袋裡。鄺永見他坐着紋絲不動，想催他快逃。但年青人用略帶鄺永家鄉開平口音的三邑話說：

「請你抱我到壁櫥裡好嗎？」聲音雖沈着，但還是可以聽得出有點迫不及待，火燒眉睫。

「我抱你？」鄺永奇怪着。

「我不太重，你看……」他往下看了看。

「我只是半個人。」

鄺永轉過桌子，他看到那年青人的褲管部份往上摺，鈕針幾乎釘到他的臀部。

像預料得到鄺永可能的問題，他說：

「軍醫說傷得太重，沒辦法裝上義肢。」

第一道門已經被衝破。聲音震驚了全室的人。他再問一聲：「你肯抱我嗎？」

鄺永將他抱起，踉蹌着向壁櫥走。雖然他少了兩隻腿，對年紀還算大的鄺永來說，這小子還是蠻重的。還好年青人強而有力的手臂環著他脖子，可以幫他掌點氣力。

「是戰爭吧？」鄺永問。

年青人緊閉着嘴，點了點頭。鄺永感覺得出他臂彎裡的身子抽搐了一下。

「我三子就死在那裡。」他說。

「我早該也死了倒好。」頸間的腕力加重了些。

他們幾乎就要到壁櫥了。鄺永抱着他搖了搖，就像在罵一個頑皮孩子：

「不可以那樣說。」

鄺永轉着念頭，但不知怎麼說。

「我老婆和我——」他猶豫了一下，才又接着說：

「我們想要兒子。」

可以感覺得出在他懷裡的年青人放鬆的身軀又緊抱着他，搖着頭說：

「你們不能——」

年青人說了一半，被另一位慌忙自壁櫥小間出來的郎中打住。

「真糟糕，我們忘了你。」

那郎中跑過來幾步。他說：

「老先生，讓我來。」

很輕易地，就將那年青人抱過去。鄺永有點不捨得，想抓住年青人的身子，但沒有成功。

自那郎中的肩頭，拋來年青人的笑。他說：

「半個兒子還是比沒有糟。亞伯，多謝你啦！」

鄺永聽到這算稱，有點暖暖的感覺。他們弓着身，自壁櫥後門走出去。鄺永走最後一個，順手將櫥板關好。他靜靜地跟着其他人經過一重重的門，直到他們停在一個店裡。他知這個店正對着先前他們走進的弄堂。有些人在黑暗的店裡低聲咒罵。

鄺永突然記起他將那包東西留在賭場裡了。他又恨又惱。幾次想回去取，繼而想警察必會留數人看守。還是算了，空手回去也比在牢裡過夜好。只是爲這件事，老婆又不知將如何臭罵不停。

他的目光搜尋那個沒有腿的人。可是在暗地裡，人太多，看不清。不久，巡邏警的車聲慢慢在黑夜裡隱去，使他們稍放鬆出去。鄺永心裡有點緊張，他想在門口再看到那年青人。

被人擠擁着出來，却沒看到他。鄺永想問人家，但苦於不知那年青人的名字。當他走到巷口時，大多數人都走光了。再也看不見那個沒腿的人。只見那些人進入白茫茫的霧裡，一個個逝隱消失。他本該可以問問人家「那個沒有腿的」，但是，現在已經遲了，既使是半個兒子都——

他自口袋裡拿出那張五元鈔，小心地塞入皮夾。他有點想在李文的住所呆一夜，但這念頭馬上被拋開，還是回家吧！

他夾緊大衣，遲鈍地拖着雙腳。濃霧自四面八方湧來，厚重的霧漫四周。重重的壓在他的肩頭上。（全文完）

*天使島展覽會

天使島扣留所，是華僑社會的一段血淚史。積臣街美術館特爲此而設立展覽會，內容包括：攝影片、素描、絹版畫、詩文拓片，及當代華僑描寫移民遭遇的詩文。

一月十日晚八時開幕晚會，有音樂，舞蹈表演，詩文朗誦及幻燈片。免費招待，歡迎各位僑胞參加。

開放日期：一月十日至三月三日，星期一至五，十二時至五時，週六晚亦開放。

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鄺永的新年

(二)

對鄺永來說，這個問題並不問得太突然。瞅着李文好長一會，他才有些不好意思的說：

「在我兒子加入戰事以前，我也曾問他同樣的問題。他說，他並不是在與同胞作戰。他是以美國人的身份，爲了國家去打他的敵人。」

他很難過的搖着頭：

「阿文，年青人不像我們。故國與同胞的血緣關係對他們來說，沒有什麼特殊意義。他們現在是美國人的多，而中國人的少了。」他又加了一句，聲音低得像在自語：

「也許—也許那反面好些。」

李文同意似的慢慢點着頭：

「當然！你的兒子在此地出生，土生土長哪！」

「那又算什麼名堂？一點都沒血緣或家庭關念！」鄺永的聲音低得幾乎聽不見。

李文說得慢吞吞地：

「過去的事已經過去。還是接受事實，日子還長着呢！」

「人老了，沒兒子，日子才難過呢！」

李文大不以爲然地搖着頭：

「你眞是聰明得可以。」他聳聳他的寬肩膀，裂開牙沖着鄺永說：

「先享受享受今天再說！今天是新年，我想燕窩湯該可以醫醫你心裡的那個結。」

鄺永不忍掃師傅的興。他承認再多想還是只有苦苦。他略顯蒼白的臉苦笑了一下，聳聳肩說：

「我可買不起燕窩湯。」

「又是錢的問題！錢眞有什麼用？」李文就是喜歡吼：

「我買盒最名貴的送你過年。」

不顧鄺永的客氣攔阻，他買了盒相當貴的雪白燕窩。沒多久，鄺永也已買好了一大袋各式各類的雜貨。新年日，至少老婆該不會再吵了。

他抱着紙袋，跟着李文後面離開店鋪。迎面的冷霧又將他剛覺得好些的心情涼了一半。

他們走到街角，轉到往上抖斜的街道。這條街通向他那個只有兩個房間的公寓。

李文還很有勁，但因鄺永的沈默，他這時也默不作聲。當他們走到巷口那個兩棟樓間的小通道時，他說：

「我想進去碰碰新年的運氣。」「你眞不來嗎」？

鄺永遲疑了一下，像是喃喃地說：

「再玩，我老婆可要砍掉我的頭。而且，聽說你年初一做什麼，很可能將來整年間都會常常做同樣的事。」

李文噗听笑出聲來：

「那可好了！對我來說，沒有比可以整年呆在賭桌上更好的了。今晚我倒要讓你瞧瞧我的好運道。」他轉了個身，進入弄堂裡。

鄺永看着他那略顯肥笨的身軀進入霧色裡。師傅才走沒幾步，但霧氣太大，幾乎就要看不見了。鄺永想喊他，可是想到現在已經是深夜了，萬籟俱寂不好喊叫。於是他用小跑步追去。他一手抱緊紙袋，另隻手壓在紙袋口以防東西往下掉。「等等！我也去！」

當追上李文時，他有些氣喘吁吁的。李文沒說什麼，笑了笑，整排牙齒又露了出來。

他們在一間與其他店一樣黑漆漆的店鋪門口停住。街燈的微光透過濃霧，可以看到門廊邊的小牌寫着兩國中國字「萬福」。門沒上鎖，他們開了進去。在後面的角落裡，又黑又空的方間是個店面。有道很微弱的光綫從與眼眉齊高的一個洞口透出來。李文在前面走，他重重的敲着門。

有隻眼睛在洞口出現。

「李文」。他說完，門便開了。

他們進去，藉着不怎麼亮的光綫穿過通道。在第二道門被仔細地查問過後，他們才進去一個很大的長房間。室內霧彌漫，倒比外面的霧氣還濃。

房間的後面是個盥洗室，一個堆放拖把掃帚的小間和一扇門。鄺永知道那扇門朝向甬道，可以通往後門的出口。圓桌子擺在將邊，桌旁擠滿了各式各樣的人—有非律賓人、黑人、墨西哥人、日本人、白人和中國人等等。每個人都聚精會神地沈醉在賭局裡—有撲克，廿一點，擲骰子，牌九，或是番攤。大多數的人穿的就像鄺永。磨舊了的衣服補著綻。他們看起來又倦又累，鄺永奇怪他們怎麼還不回去。

「你今天玩牌九？」他問李文。

李文正在和一堆人打招呼。那些全是中國人，正在玩着骨牌。

「今晚要同你玩玩番攤。」李文說着，走向玩番攤的那一桌。

他看着郎中洗牌，發牌。看了一會兒，才決定下賭。

這一個郎中看來還不到廿五歲。他的兩頰削瘦下去，臉上和額前看來又老又蒼白。如果沒想到這一代的年青人已不再抽那玩意兒，鄺永倒要認爲他是個鴉片烟鬼。他手裡拿支白竿子，右手用長而瘦的指頭很熟練地操縱着。

郎中用左手在肘旁的一個盒子裡抓了一把白色的黃豆放在他自己面前。先很快的掃視了客人的賭注，再用他手裡的白竿將那堆黃豆一攤。白竿子有點兒像筷子，尾端有個彎曲而扁平的頭。

他頗爲老練地推了一下棒竿，已經將豆子分了類。四顆一數，四顆一數放在一邊。在最後的一組四顆拿出以後，他拖曳着毫不帶絲毫感情的腔調，唱出剩下的黃豆顆數，然後吃進輸款，賠出贏錢的人該得的錢數。

鄺永看着這個大男孩，心裡很不是滋味。在他年輕的那個時代，在賭場做工倒還可以說得過去。那時在美國的中國人只能在餐館裡，洗衣店，或賭場找到工作。今天，各行各業的機會四處不乏，並沒有受到什麼限制，又何必到賭場裡工作？他自己只是偶而想消除那份空虛無聊的感覺，來這裡碰碰運氣。但是那男孩，他這一生前面的路子還長着呢！而且爲人作嫁，在吃進輸家時自己一毛錢也賺不到。

「小傻瓜！」鄺永喃喃地自言自語。「眞是個小傻瓜蛋！」

他把他的南北雜貨放在桌上。

「你說我？」李文已經進入賭局，而且還正彎開心的收進贏款。他抬頭看看鄺永，顎下的雙下巴看起來一層層的。

「那個男孩！」鄺永的頭朝郎中的位置點了一下。「我孩子死了，他却在這裡浪擲生命。」他小聲的告訴他。

李文還沒答腔，却聽到另一個聲音：

「你來不來？」

那個青年郎中還算有禮，徵詢着。但他的聲音裡有點等不及的味道。

（下接第十三頁）

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鄺永的新年

編者按語

（編者按：一九七五年美國華人社區的一件大事，是梁文煥遺作「長子」一書的出版。

梁文煥在一九一六年出生於加州聖地牙哥的華埠。十四歲時父親去世，他家中有三個弟弟和兩個妹妹，作爲一個長子，他便負起家庭重擔，故此遲遲未進大學，至戰後弟妹長大後才進士丹福大學，在一九五一年主修英語畢業，那時他已卅五歲。畢業後數天便與社會工作者陳維明女士結婚。

梁君富寫作天才，可是在那時候，寫好的稿子沒有出版社肯接納出版。爲的是他寫的都是有關美國華人的生活，裡面自然充滿他對種族偏見歧視的義憤。及後他進修教育課目，在明納素打大學獲碩士學位，又在卜技利加州大學獲教員證書。後執教於三藩市和屋崙。在一九六四年，經過多年積蓄，他省下一些錢帶着妻子與兩位年幼兒女往歐洲旅行，竟在南斯拉夫汽車失事身亡。

他的兩篇遺作「善葬」與「長子」曾在東西報刊出，深獲讀者好評。今天在他逝世後十一年，我們爲他的作品的出版覺得感激萬千。

因爲這數十年來，所謂在美國文壇上有些名氣的華裔作家，不是寫中國家鄉中國事跡的回憶錄，便是曲解華埠形象如「花鼓歌」一類的書籍。還沒有看到一個同情華裔處境，反映華埠實情的作家。

當然，有此心而歡喜寫作的人不少，可是有誰有梁文煥的英文造詣呢？

我們爲梁君英年折夭而惋惜。但也爲他的作品終有面世的一天而慶幸。

梁文煥

東西報這一期刊出「長子」一書其中一個故事「鄺永的新年」以饗讀者。譯文是記者愛明所執筆。版權爲張陳維明所有，請勿翻印。

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「阿永」，我們一起去「萬福樓」，好嗎？」

師傅李文操着中山口音，搖幌着肥肚子，沖着鄺永裂開嘴笑着。他這一笑，油亮的臉上立刻佈滿了皺紋。

鄺永沒有答腔。他自甲納櫃台取了工錢，跟着李文出大門。一邊走着，一邊用那多年做洗碗工變得又粗又紅的手背，揮了揮蓋在眼睛上的小絡頭髮。

「阿永，眞那麼累嗎？新年期間，大家都往華埠跑呢！」李文又開了口。

他們自餐廳門口走進灰濛濛的濃霧裡。在由窗口射出的半圓形亮處靠了一會。由於突然由室內步入又濕又冷的霧氣裡，兩個人不約而同地，都打了個顫。

鄺永終於開了口：「如再在番攤上輸了，下子，好像有些怕投入黑暗的濃霧裡。

「也許是好女人。可是爲了你賭一賭就一天嘮叨，讓你賭得不痛快，失掉人生樂事之一。」

鄺永慢慢地點着頭：

「假如沒錢買米買菜，她就日夜吵鬧不休。」

「我陪你買年貨去吧！」胖嘟嘟的李文說。「我可不希望你一開春就讓太太吵。長白商號是開整夜的，我們去那兒看看。」

因爲李文沒有再强邀他去萬福樓，鄺永鬆了一口氣。他沒說什麼，但聳了聳肩。將大衣夾緊他瘦小的肩膀，開始往長白商號走。李文挺着大肚子，搖搖擺擺，吃力地走在他旁邊。

透過濃霧，泊在街邊的汽車看來就像許多怪物。經過禮品店，看到許多瓷製佛像很沈靜安祥地蹲在摩登櫥玻璃後的黑暗中。他們並着肩走，踢到滿地的爆竹屑。那是入夜時爲慶祝新年燃放鞭炮所遺下的。看着地上厚厚一層的爆竹屑。可以想像當時必是很熱鬧。可是現在一切都歸返沈寂。非常非常的沈寂—鄺永想着—就好像他以前的歲月一樣，又單調，又空乏。

他向李文瞥了一眼，很驚訝他的步伐在徹夜的工作以後還是這麼有力。

「爲什麼你還不結婚，阿文？」他突然冒出這一句。

「你已經四十出頭了，還沒妻沒子的。」師傅笑得身子顫動不已。他倒像彌勒佛。

「我喜歡賭番攤，而且我不喜歡女人的長舌頭。」

他的笑聲慢慢低下去。又沈默地走了一會兒，他又說：

「誰又能繼你家的香火？你就只剩有女兒了。」

李文話還沒說完，心裡已有些後悔。想起他的話可能引起的後果，他緊皺着眉，但已經太晚了。

鄺永知道他的朋友並非有意揭他的瘡疤，是他自己引到話頭來的。但他還是將下顎緊緊閉住，不說一句話，他加緊着脚步，李文幾乎要趕不上。

鄺永覺得師傅的手搭在他膀子上時，他們還沒走到街角。

「永，生氣也沒用！」脚步放慢了些，李文也縮回他的手。

「你女兒現在多大了？」

鄺永突然緊緊地瞪着他：

「對你來說太年輕了。」

李文笑得太厲害，不得不停下脚步，鄺永等着他。

「不用操心」，他喘着氣：「我可不想要個娃娃新娘。」

「那你爲什麼要問？她只有十七歲。」

「可以替她找婆家了。」他們又開始走。

「你爲什麼不替她物色個男孩子？」李文有些猶豫，但還是說了：

「女婿是半個兒子。」

「何必爲我操心兒子？我自己都不操心。」鄺永咬住脣。

「別這樣說。」李文看着他的朋友，不再說什麼。

長白商號沒有顧客，只有一個伙計在櫃台後的凳子上打着瞌睡。店面很窄，這個櫃台便佔着一側。對面的牆上斜放着貨架。貨架上的鑰頭標着中文或英文的商標。在架子下面是一整排的蔬菜箱子平擺在地上。鄺永自箱子裡拿了把長豆角，使勁的投擲在櫃上。店伙醒了，揉着惺忪的睡眼。

李文挑了個苦瓜，用像很在行的樣子仔細端詳着。鄺永問着店伙：

「有沒有鹹蛋？」

店伙還沒回答，李文已經叫了出來：

「鹹蛋？這種東西是平常吃的！新年了，該吃點像樣些的東西！魚肚燒湯應該還不錯！」

他指着櫃台上的一個瓶子。瓶裡是滿滿的金黃色片片，約有拳頭大小。

「不！不！不要魚肚！」鄺永的腦頭打着結。他將臉轉向李文。

「爲什麼不要？我知你最愛吃魚肚。」

「那是我三子最喜歡吃的。」鄺永低聲說道。他彎下腰，假裝在看瓶子裡的東西，怕被看見他眼角浮起的一團濕霧。

李文唐突的吼着：

「阿永啊！你的臉也皺了，頭也白了，怎麼還是想不開呢？光想着兒子，他們也不會再回來的！」

「頭胎的兩個在一次大戰死在法國，那還不夠？」鄺永再也抑制不住自己。新年讓他感覺到擺在眼前事實的痛苦。沒有孫子，他不能希望有多好的新的開始。失去了希望，未來眞像個中空的葫蘆。往事的回憶像剩下來的空殼。

「爲什麼三子也得離開？」幾個月來內心的苦痛只能迸出這句話。

李文想安慰他：

「他七月四日不是搭英雄艦回來，受到英雄式的葬禮？總算爲國爭光。」

李文在談英雄。他沒有兒子，沒法想像出有兒子復又失去的那份感覺。

「兒子沒了，也不會有孫子可以談他的英雄事跡了。」鄺永低聲的怨尤。

店伙有些莫明其妙。他等着他們買東西。他們却沒把他放在眼裡，而且說着不相關的話。

李文想將手放在鄺永肩上。還沒放上，轉而慢慢地說：

「阿永，好久以來，我就想問你一個問題：你兒子對於去打亞洲的同胞們有什麼感想？」

（下接第十四頁）

FICTION: "New Year For Fong Wing"

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美國駐外軍隊遠東國家裁減

美國駐外軍隊數目，至目前爲止，爲一九四〇年以來之最低額。原因是越戰結束，各國都希望美國駐軍撤退。

現在美軍駐外人數共四十九萬七千名，去年同時期間爲五十一萬八千名，一年間減少二萬一千人。

在普遍地減少駐軍當中，也有兩個地方是例外的。一個是西德。現在共有駐軍二十二萬人，增加了一萬三千人；另一個地方是南韓，現有駐軍四萬二千人，一年間增加二千人。

以歐洲而論，英國美駐軍二萬一千人，年內無變化，意大利減一千人，現有駐軍一千人，西班牙美駐軍九千人，無變化；土耳其美駐軍七千人，無變化，希臘美駐軍二千人，年內減少了二千人。冰島美駐軍三千人，無變化，比利時美駐軍二千人，無變化，荷蘭美駐軍二千人，無變化，葡萄牙美駐軍一千人，無變化，其他歐洲各國共一千人，亦無變化；第六艦隊人數，則增一千人，共有海軍三萬人。

全部歐洲駐軍共三十萬零九千人，一年間增加了一萬一千人。

遠東方面，變化較大，自越南由共軍統治以後，數年前駐軍曾達最高數字五十萬人，但到去年四月撤軍時只有二百人，現在當然一個也沒有了。泰國政府，去年三月二十日要求美軍撤退，過去最多駐軍時共達四萬八千人，去年撤軍一萬六千人，現在僅留下一萬名，未來數月內，仍繼續撤軍，以保留七千人爲度。南韓方面，由於印度支那局勢緊急，反而增加駐軍二千名。

越戰結束以後，日本和沖繩島的供應站撤消，所以駐軍大減。菲律賓去年裁撤美軍四千人，現仍有一萬四千人。關島美駐軍一萬人，無變化。台灣則由於美國和北京關係影響，去年裁撤美軍二千人，現僅留三千人。

在遠東駐防的第七艦隊，去年增加了四千人，共達二萬八千人。

旅美的一點感想

今日旅居海外的華僑，相信多是於作客的落寞而外，還有着一點被遺忘的失落感。

蓋身在異國，縱心存魏闕，可是國土既分爲二，而不少僑民介於兩個政府的夾縫之間，却已成爲被遺棄的一群。政府對一般僑民，即使說不上是視同敝履，最低限度，亦可以說是絕少關懷。雖亦間有高官大員，以撫慰僑民爲名而遠赴海外的，但所到之處，除了與幾個富商豪賈杯酒言歡，拍拍幾張照片亮相而外，幾曾與廣大的華僑群衆有過什麼接觸？自更談不上有什麼照顧和關懷了。所謂僑務，只不過是時見於白紙上的兩個黑字。

以今日的三藩市而言，能予僑胞以溫情的慰藉和輔助的，應推新僑服務社、華埠英語中心和華人就業協進會。但這三個機構，却與中國政府並無關係。政府在一般僑胞心目之中，猶如是那斷了綫的風箏，凌空飛舞，雖仍然在望，可是却已大大失望。

這種失落感，相信不少人都是感受到的。當我踏入美國的國境，在現實之前所遭遇到的第一個難關，則是語言上的困難。再看其他的一些新僑，亦都有這種苦惱。而且要克服這種困難，一時間又難以做到。因爲要學好另一種語文，是需要相當時日的。而這兒有些老華僑，他們的思想是既狹隘而又淺短，與其他地方的華僑大不相同。要知在東西亞各處，華僑是以團結和互助互愛見稱的，而這兒，却沒有這種風氣，新僑們惟有孤軍奮戰，自力更生，難期老華僑的同情或援手。甚而還有一種怪現象，有些人對新僑更還存着嫉忌。他們回想着當年來美的困難，留美後又每遭歧視，現在他們打下了天下，情形已經改觀，新僑不但是來美的手續簡捷，並且受到尊重，因而嫉忌和不平。即非如此，則視不語英語的新僑爲廉值的活動工具，低薪僱用，待遇苛刻，一若是以開闢疆土的領主自居，要從新僑身上索取高度的利潤。

老華僑們過去之篳路襤褸，爲後來者開闢了謀生的新天地，其勞績固然不容抹煞。但華人之享有今日的地位，最大的原因，乃是由於人權思潮日逐膨湃，種族歧視逐漸消除，加之近來華僑旅美日衆，且多有良好的表現，因而獲得人家的另眼相看。

（下接第十一頁）

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